

George Thompson

Died 7. 10. 78 074.

The Bell is ever tolling still.

The noble day by day depart

And so, the men of might and skill

And so the men of loving heart.

We look around, and miss the men

Who were most foremost in the fight

Unmatched by eloquence and power

Who were the champions of the right

Among those who had inspired long

George Thompson stood almost alone

Once was strongest of the strong

Of late, in weakness and known

That wondrous gift of his was speech

His fervour rose when there was need

His utterance every heart could reach

as he could the ten thousands lead

With Cobden, Bright and those who fought

For free trade principle, he stood

For the down trodden, he long wrought

And suffered for his willing hand.

May it be yours to find your place

Among the reassured ones above

Where gathered are of every race

To dwell in everlasting love.

No slaves are there for all are free

No fighting there for all is peace.

And the righteous can, there, be

For there the ills of life all cease

May God bless you and be your stay.

Angels of mercy, you attend:

And when from earth you pass away

You pass, the Coloured poor man's friend

Joseph Soul

31.10.78

William Lloyd Garrison.

George Thompson

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But still he lived so long to see
The Corn Laws blotted by repeal
And slaves in the freighting doms free
And wrongs in India partly red
Fructed his labours so long best
Now he has rest, he needed this
Such labours are among the best
Such patriotic men, we miss -

But there are others to the fore,
We always want them and they rise
(Corruption needs continued war)

They often come with sweet surpys
We need the eloquent and true

The rich in works, in faith, and love

The men who well know what to do
a power for earth, from heaven above:

Ingraham

9.10.78.